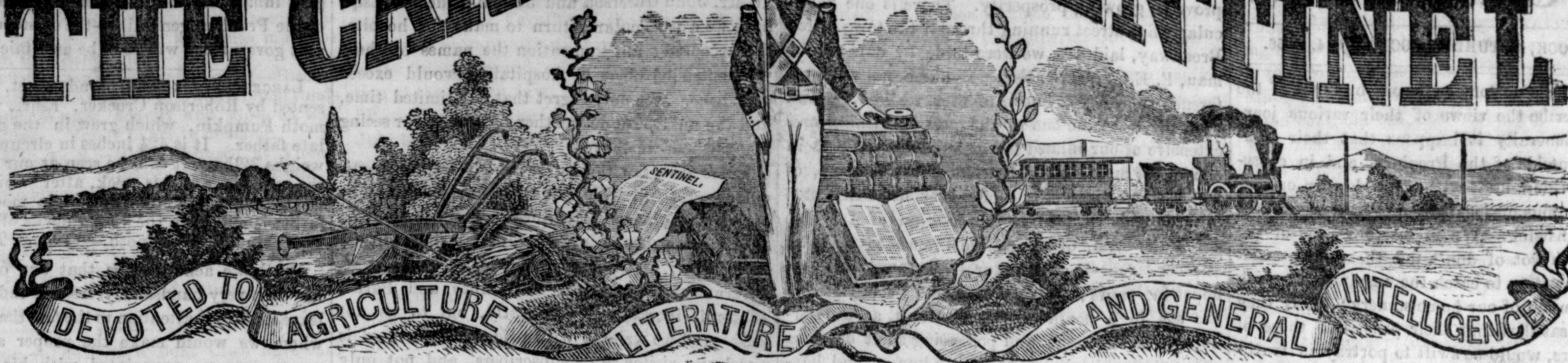


THE CARLETON SENTINEL.



SAMUEL WATTS, EDITOR.]

"Our Queen and Constitution."

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Original Poetry.

THE INDIAN'S VOW.

One Autumn eve, as the setting sun
Had fled from the mountain's brow,
And the robins sang a farewell song,
And the dews were falling now;
Melona sat in his wigwag door,
With a proud but mournful air;
His youngest papoosie slept on the floor,
But no other friend was there.
He watch'd the rays of the sinking sun,
As they gilded th' distant hill,
And thoughts of th' past, thro' his mem'ry run,
Which caused his bosom to thrill.
He view'd the St. John in noble pride
Sweep swiftly and darkly by,
A bark canoe was stemming the tide,
And it attracted his eye.
The Indian girl in the lone canoe
Paddled swiftly to reach th' shore;
Tho' she look'd not back, she heard and knew
The steamboat's advancing roar.
The boat passed by with its load of life,
And it dashed the waves aside;
But Melona's heart was fill'd with th' strife
Of sorrow and shame and pride.
"What emblems these of a fading race,
Who are doom'd to pass away,
Like the trembling gleam of the setting sun,
As he closes the gates of to-day.
The white men push on in pomp and pride;
We wither and fade and die,
As the lone canoe shrinks from the tide,
When the boat rushes boldly by.
The yellow leaves on the Autumn breeze,
Our emblem and motto shall be;
They were nipp'd by th' frost from th' forest trees,
And are dead as well as we.
Our fathers once owned the forest wide,
Which stretched from shore to shore;
The elms that bent o'er the rapid tide,
We see their shadows no more.
By the rivers where herds of deer once fed,
Are cattle and horses now;
And afar to the hills our game has fled,
From the sound of the axe and plough.
But 'tis rum, alas! that has blasted us most,
And laid our brave warriors low;
Oh! where are the chiefs we once could boast
Who laugh'd at the frost and snow.
If the poison cup touch my lips again,
May hope never swell my breast;
But dying in sorrow, grief and pain,
May I lose the hunter's rest.
He swore by Heaven, and raised his hand,
"I'll taste of the cup no more;
Great Spirit of this my fatherland,
Help me I humbly implore."
Woodstock, September, 1856." S. P. C.

General News.

OUR NEXT WAR.—Alexander the Great of Macedonia, having overrun Persia, was driven back when he attempted to add India to his list of conquered nations. Is the same fate destined for Alexander the Little—Emperor of Russia? There are prophets who tell us so. While on our travels, in the course of the past week, we had the honour and pleasure of enjoying a couple of hours interesting conversation with a general officer who has not only achieved an European reputation as one of the bravest of the brave, but who has, during his long service, fought and bled in many a battle on the soil of our eastern empire. As topic after topic

came under discussion, we asked him if the opinion in his circle was that we should have a long peace.

"Decidedly not," was his short and emphatic reply. "With whom are we likely so soon to go to war?" we inquired in some degree of astonishment. "With Russia again," was the rejoinder. "On what field, and why?" "In the East, and for our own dominions." Are you, then, one of those who believe that the Russians will attack us in India?" "No: we shall attack them. They are interfering and will interfere more in the affairs of Persia. Presently they will enter that country in force. We shall not allow it. We shall order them out, and, if they do not go we shall drive them out." This was certainly a very sharp, short, and decisive view of the case. But we were assured, upon further conversation, that it was the accepted and assured opinion not only of military circles, but of all circles in Indian society, and the consummation is regarded as about to take place at a very early period, and, moreover, is looked at without the smallest anxiety or alarm, by all classes of our Eastern population, contempt for Russian prowess being the universal feeling. We must therefore be watchful and vigilant that these suspicious Cossacks may gain no advantage over us nearer England. Our forefathers used to say that however matters were arranged at home, there was no peace with the Spaniards beyond the line. But things are not so now. War in the East means war in the West also. There cannot be fighting on the Indus and peace in the Baltic. When the shouts of contending armies are heard beneath the walls of Ispahn or Shiraz, the echo will reach St. Petersburg itself. Our rulers must therefore keep a wakeful and wary eye upon the northern as well as southern extremity of Russia. We may depend upon it that we have an enemy there who will strike the very moment we are off our guard. But to be forewarned is to be forearmed. Whatever our Indian prophets may foretell, every Russian movement in that direction will be measured by our strength at home. Our safety is to be settled here. —*European Times.*

DEATH OF REAR-ADMIRAL SIR JOHN ROSS, C. B.—The English papers announce the death of Rear-Admiral Sir John Ross, the celebrated Arctic navigator. He was in his 80th year, and up to the period of his brief illness, was strong and active to a surprising degree, considering the hardships to which he had been exposed in many scenes, trying alike to mind and body, through which he had passed. The gallant Arctic voyager entered the navy as far back as 1786, and during the late war was constantly engaged actively. His most important services were rendered in the Arctic regions, where in 1818 he proceeded alone with Sir W. E. Perry. In the *Driver* he proceeded, for the purpose of exploring Baffin's Bay, inquiring into the possibility of a north-west passage. The result of his investigation was published by Captain Ross, in his *Voyage of Discovery* published in 1819. He was afterwards, from May, 1829, until October, 1833, employed in the *Victory* steamer, on a fresh expedition to the Arctic regions, equipped at the expense of the present Sir Felix Booth. He received the honor of knighthood, together with the Companionship of the Bath, December 24, 1834. On March 8, 1839, he was appointed consul at Stockholm, where he remained several years. During the war Sir John Ross, in three different actions, was thirteen times wounded. In consideration of his services, he was presented by the Patriotic Society with a sword valued at £100, and for services performed by him in the Baltic he was nominated a Knight Commander of the Swedish order of the

Sword. He was also a knight of several other foreign Orders. Among other works, Sir John wrote "Letters to young Sea Officers," "Memoirs and Correspondence of Admiral Lord de Samuarez," and a "Treatise on Navigation by Steam." By this death a good service pension lies at the disposal of the First Lord of the Admiralty.

OUR NEW MINISTER FOR THE UNITED STATES.—We stated, a few days ago, the probability that the Hon. Mr. Villiers would be the next ambassador from Great Britain to the United States. We believe there is no doubt that such will be the case. We have reason to know that Mr. Villiers has accepted the appointment. The Hon. Charles Pelham Villiers, though said to be of a very indolent nature, is a man of remarkable ability, strong intelligence and most courtly grace and gentleness of manner. Except that he is careless in dress, he bears a singular resemblance to his brother, Lord Clarendon, having peculiar liquid blue eye and expression of languid courtliness. Like Mr. Crompton he is a bachelor. Before receiving his present office of Judge Advocate, he was an able debater and an active committee man in the house of commons. His annual motions on the corn laws first awakened that public opinion in England which swept them down, and in the agitation and advocacy of the ballot he has always taken an eager part. Since his appointment he has been doomed to the lucrative tauturnity of the Treasury bench, but his views have always been of a breadth of freedom approaching, if not touching, republicanism. —*Toronto Colonist.*

STARTLING NEWS FROM THE PLAINS.—By the arrival on Saturday last, of D. B. Cleghorn, Esq., California via Salt Lake, which latter place he left on the 2nd of August ultimo, we have news of a terrible tragedy in the murder and robbery of Col. A. W. Rabbit's train of government property by the Cheyenne Indians.

Mr. Cleghorn met Mr. Rabbit in camp at Wood river, some 15 miles from New Fort Kearney, of whom he learned the following painful particulars of the murder of his men and breaking up of his train.

On Monday night, the 25th of August, the little train, with Alexander Nichols, one of our citizens, as captain and conductor, and Mrs. Wilson and infant, (from St. Louis) a young man named Orren Parrish, a man from Pennsylvania, and another, name unknown, accompanying, were encamped upon Prairie Creek, ten miles east from Wood River, neither fearful nor dreaming of danger, when they were suddenly attacked and driven by a band of Cheyennes (which for some cause had been attacked and driven by the soldiers at Kearney.) Orren Parrish only escaped uninjured to the fort, whilst the other young man received a dangerous wound from a bullet in the leg.

Some days later, a detachment was sent from the fort, (twenty miles) who found the dead body of Mr. Nichols some twenty yards from the wagon, also the dead body of the gentleman from Pennsylvania close by, and the dead body of the child, with its brains dashed out, and horribly mutilated. The pillow where the child and mother slept was bloody, and portions of the torn wardrobe of Mrs. Wilson on the ground, but her body was nowhere to be found.

The oxen (ten yoke) and all the mules were gone, and the wagons rifled of much of their contents.

It seems however, that a band of Omaha hunters happened near just after the murder, and in time to stop the pillage and recover the money and some other valuables stolen, which were honestly turned over to the Colonel in command of the corps.

Mrs. Wilson has, doubtless, been wounded, and

then carried away captive. The young man who escaped with a wound is in the hospital at the fort; and the wagons and what property remained were also taken to the fort. These are the particulars as far as we can gather them. In a few days we shall however, no doubt, get a full detailed account of the matter from the pen of Mr. Rabbit himself, which we will lay before our readers.

The Cheyennes are a warlike and cruel race, numbering several thousand, who inhabit some of the wild and almost impenetrable valleys in the fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains, southwest from Fort Laramie, and seldom come out, except to rob, plunder, or go to war with other tribes. Our emigration will never be safe until these merciless pirates are exterminated. —*Council Bluffs (Iowa) Bugle.*

THE GREAT REPUBLIC.—The monster ship has returned to New York after an absence of nearly two years, during which time she has been employed in the French transport service during the war in the Crimea; on one of her trips from Marseilles to Kamiesch she carried 497 cavalry horses, for whose accommodation the two between decks were partitioned into stalls, besides over 500 troops and the provision and forage necessary for the voyage. On her last return from Sebastopol, she brought to Marseilles over 3000 infantry, besides her own crew and a large corps of cooks, servants, and waiters, and this with her lower hold full of of guns great size, shells, baggage, & the necessary water and provisions. In every port she has been thronged with people of all classes.

NAPLES.—The report of the despatch of an allied squadron to the Bay of Naples is again noticed by the correspondent of the *Times*. He now says that the report is unfounded, or at least wholly premature; but it is thought less probable that England and France may come to a resolution of withdrawing their diplomatic representatives. "It is not easy to see (says the correspondent) what they would gain by this measure, or to believe that it would have any effect of inducing the King of Naples seriously to incline his ear to the remonstrances that have been addressed to him. On the other hand, it would not become the dignity of the two great powers to make such a demonstration unless they were prepared, and in the event of its proving fruitless, to follow it up by others more cogent. The Italian question is certainly the puzzle of the day. Friendly with Austria, jarring with Naples, we cannot press upon the latter without endangering; or at least annoying, the former."

On Friday evening, while some workmen were employed in cutting a drain on Queen Street, west of Simcoe St. Toronto, the bank suddenly caved in, burying two unfortunate fellows under several feet of earth. Prompt assistance was rendered, and the bodies were taken out with the greatest speed. But melancholy to relate life was extinct in both men when they were lifted out of their premature grave. Four men were employed in the drain at the time of the accident. The other two men escaped with some bruises. —*Quebec Chronicle.*

FIRE, EXPLOSION, AND LOSS OF LIFE AT NEW YORK.—The percussion-cap factory of Mr. Goldmark, in Thirty-sixth street, was burnt yesterday (27th), together with several adjoining buildings. An explosion took place soon after the commencement, blowing out the side walls and the roof; killing one man and fatally injuring another. —*Less \$20,000.*

It is said that as the time of the Presidential elections approaches, the probability that Fremont will be the man, increases. The United States papers seem to be almost exclusively occupied with the subject. It is well for the public peace that those elections do not occur oftener than quadrennially. —*Morning Journal.*

We are sorry to see that Henry Mott, seaman of H. M. S. *Boscawen*, was killed on Thursday, by falling from the bowsprit on a stage below. He bore an excellent character. —*Id.*